THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1814.

MRS. BADDELEY.

THIS lady's name was Snow: she married Mr. Baddeley, and was well known for her theatrical abilities, her extreme beauty, and the misery into which she plunged herself, by yielding to the impetuosity of her passions; in fine, she became a proper subject

"To paint a moral, or adorn a tale."

She made her first appearance on the stage in the character of Ophelia; and her performance was pronounced inimitable. Mr. Garrick, whose judgement no one will call in question, always gave the most ample testimony to her merits. As a singer, wherever pathetic expression was necessary, she stood unrivalled; her manner of singing and acting the song of "Sweet Willy Oh!" in the Jubilee, will be long remembered by those who saw and heard her, when that entertainment was first exhibited in London. Her abilities were not confined to characters which required singing; in the pathetic parts, whether of Tragedy, or Comedy, she had few, if any, superiors. In the part of Fanny, in the Clandestine Marriage, the beauty of her person (which appears in the

annexed portrait, in despite of the deformity of a vile fashion,) and the elegant simplicity of her performance, were extremely conspicuous; and so much attracted the notice of his Majesty, that he commanded a picture to be taken of Fanny's principal scene with Lord Ogleby; for which purpose, Mrs. Baddeley and Mr. King sat to Zoffany.

Mrs. Beverley, in the Gamester, was one of Mrs. Baddeley's admired performances. At this time, she performed several other characters in tragedy of equal consequence, and with equal success; when, from private motives, she unexpectedly quitted London for an engagement in Dublin; and from this period, her theatrical career seems to have been checked by her own folly, which involved her in constant trouble. For some years, she laboured under a nervous disorder, which, during the Winter of 1785, prevented her from making any theatrical engagement; from which time, until her death, she was supported by a small stipend from the Drury-Lane fund; and by a subscription from the theatres in London. But her fair form, her abilities, and her flatterers, were not able, or willing, to prevent her from falling into the distresses inseparable from misconduct, and want of economy; and she fell a victim to her indiscretion in her forty-second year. As she made her appearance on the stage before her husband, it is not improbable that her success stimulated him to adopt the same profession. Her conduct, soon after marriage, involved him in a duel; and infidelity caused their separation. When Mr. Baddeley died, he left orders in his will for his executors to publish, *every year*, his letter, as it appeared in the General Advertiser, April 20th, 1790, respecting the disagreement with his unhappy wife, to prevent the world from regarding his memory in the villanous point of view set forth in certain books, pamphlets, &c.

Mrs. Baddeley's Memoirs were given to the public *by a lady*, soon after the publication of George Ann

Bellamy's Apology for her life; the success of which, no doubt, prompted the undertaking; but the Anecdotes of Mrs. Baddeley's Life not being calculated to improve the morals of the rising generation, the work is justly consigned to oblivion.

She died in extreme misery, July 1st, 1786, at her apartments in Shakspeare-Square, Edinburgh.

Turn your fancy to Scotia, where rigorous snows
Envelope her rocks, and stern Eolus blows;
There Baddeley sleeps, on mortality's bier,
Whose pallid remains claim a cheek-scalding tear.
The train of Euphrosyne ran from their bowers,
And smooth'd the green turf, and bewail'd her last hours.
See Pan, with his rugged, tumultuous throng,
Bring the reeds to awaken a requiem song;
Till their lays fright the tenants that gladden the sky,
And the vales of Arcadia in murmurs reply,—
Can these be the eyes that once sparkled with fire,
Which splendor might envy, and monarchs admire?
Unmourn'd by the worthy she shudder'd and died,
Once possess'd of a form for which Majesty sigh'd!

C.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS MARIA, WIFE OF CASIMIR, KING OF POLAND.

Before the marriage of this Princess, she was waited on by an Abbé of mean appearance, who offered to sell her a little lap-dog, and asked fifty pistoles for the animal. The Princess, disgusted with the largeness of the demand, refused to purchase it. "You shall have it, Madam," said the Abbé, "on the promise of paying the money when you are a Queen." The proposal was acceded to. All the Princes of Europe were at that time married. On her espousing the King, the Abbé waited on the Queen, explained his demand, and received the money.

THE MORALIST, No. VIII.

ON NEGATIVE VIRTUE.

HAVING had many occasions to witness the self-complacency of some persons, in regard to their own pre-eminence in morality and religion, I have often been induced to examine into the causes of that pre-eminence, in order that the censure they seem so willing, and so studious, to bestow upon others for not sufficiently acting like themselves, may be duly and properly estimated.

The discoveries I have made have sometimes been the result of actual acquaintance with the individuals, and sometimes have been grounded upon their known and acknowledged sentiments and tenour of conduct. In either case I have more frequently had to lament the strange and infatuated blindness of human nature to its own imperfections, than to rejoice at that steady self-denial and determined rectitude which alone constitute the Hero and the Christian.

Virtue is a term so universally understood, that if we are not living as we ought, we cannot plead ignorance as our excuse. I will not, therefore, enter into the definition of a word which all must equally comprehend as myself; but will merely observe, that virtue is most pleasing to God, and most honourable to man, when temptations are resisted, and overcome. It is only this indeed that can be rightly denominated true virtue; and this is the only standard by which our actions should be measured. But, amid the countless numbers of those who look with an evil and unforgiving eye upon the frailties "that flesh is heir to," there are thousands who from *situation* in life are placed beyond the many temptations, there are thousands who from *constitution* are exempted from the

many assailments, that afflict others; and who by *nature*, not by *principle*, are rendered callous to half the allurements of the world. The boasted morality of these people is what I call—*negative virtue*.

It is a truth which surely none will attempt to deny, that where there is no obstacle, there can be no victory; where there is no temptation, there can be no triumph. It is therefore by no means just to draw a comparison between others and ourselves, when there does not exist a similarity of circumstance and disposition. The man who is generally virtuous because he possesses no natural inclination to be otherwise, has little right to frown angrily upon the infirmities of those who, beset with every inducement to error, may sometimes wander from the paths of rectitude. If indeed nature has incapacitated him from a multitude of indiscretions, or his situation prevents the commission of them, let it excite his *gratitude*, not his *pride*. Is it for him to exult over a fallen Brother who cannot fall himself? or what answer is it to the palliations offered for a weakness, for him to shout forth "I have not done these things!" Such a reproof coming from one, who, though equally exposed as ourselves to the baneful pleasures of life, and equally formed and capable to enjoy them, had successfully combated his inclinations, had sacrificed himself and his affections to the performance of his moral and religious duties, and preserved the integrity of his heart entire,—such a reproof, I say, would sink deep into the soul; and the nobleness of *his* example would shame and confound us, because we should feel that we were left without justification, or excuse, for our own want of resolution. But there is that within us all which revolts from the rebuke of those, who, blest with a fortunate ignorance, or security, themselves, make little or no allowance for the dangers of another. Censure, to be properly felt, must be properly administered, not only in the *manner*, but the *person;* we must know, or believe, that we are standing

on an equal footing with our accusers; that their difficulties and trials have been parallel to ours; and the impulses of nature and situation have been similar. If *they* have triumphed, then their reproof is conviction, and we have nothing to reply.

When Gatimozin, Emperor of Mexico, and his High Priest were condemned by the merciless Conquerors of America to perish on burning coals, for not discovering in what part of a certain lake the royal treasures were concealed, the dying Monarch, hearing his fellow sufferer shrieking under the dreadful tortures of his punishment, sternly exclaimed to him, "Do I lay upon a bed of roses?" The dignity and justice of this reproach struck dumb even the agonies of death. The unhappy minister became instantly silent; and supporting himself to the last with heroic fortitude, expired without a groan.

Nothing however, in what I have said, has been more distant from my wishes, or intentions, than to encourage immorality, or do away that stigma which should ever be attached to it. My only object is, that censure may be stript of self-conceit and self-applause; and that many of those who are so apt to think ill of others, may not think too well of themselves. Let them advise against what they deem an error, let them condemn what they know to be wrong; it is no more than their positive duty. But let them not be uncharitable, nor unforgiving, nor acrimonious, nor too austere; above all, let them not be too ostentatious of their own merits, nor too confident of their own virtues.

If they are preserved from evils which others have to encounter, let it teach them to be humble, and thankful to heaven, and compassionate to man; pitying those who want the like blessings. Had they been less happily situated, or less happily constituted, they might have deviated too; and have entangled their feet in the snares of vice and error. What then have they to boast of, or what have they achieved, that they proudly oppose their

conduct to that of others? I would not, I trust I do not, judge harshly of my fellow creatures, but I cannot help saying, that such as these are *at best* but *negatively good;* and that one man who is practically virtuous, not from necessity, nor from any fortuitous circumstance, but from *principle,* and *principle* only, is worth ten thousand of them.

ALTIDEM.

March, 1814.

The Effects of Rural Solitude on a Studious Mind.

These observations on Solitude are taken from Quintilian:—" The beauties that are presented to me in retirement prevent me from feeling myself to be alone, and carry me out of myself. A brilliant sky, the enchanting verdure of fields, the murmuring of waters, bring on my mind insensibly a pleasing oblivion. The subject of my meditation is forgotten; these beauties alone engross my imagination; and, if I think at all, they are the objects on which I meditate. They gain so much the more easily an ascendant over my mind, as no objects but themselves are presented to my senses. The silence which attends on these scenes adds to their power over me; and whilst my attention is solely occupied by these scenes, my sensibility to the enjoyment of them is every moment increased. At length my mind yields itself up to the secret pleasure it feels, and is lulled as it were to sleep by a sort of listless, yet most pleasing fascination. Demosthenes conducted himself more wisely; who, in order to dedicate himself solely to study, retired to a spot where he could hear no sounds, where he could see no prospects, and where his eye could not dissipate the attention of his mind from the immediate object of his studies." Lib. x. cap. 3. De Scribendo.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

Continued from page 137.

LETTER XI. ALBERT TO ULRIC.

From the Carpathian Mountains.

WHILST you peruse this, I am hastening to the embrace of friendship; and 'tis a drop of consolation in my bitter cup, to know that Ulric is not the friend of an hour, but of an age, did time allow the trial. Oh! Why am I in existence? What is it, if reputation lives not with it? Would that a callous apathy were infused throughout myself. My veins are palsied, and my frame shudders to record the load of infamy that unjustly crushes my good name; my reluctant hand will scarce submit to pen the foul disgrace that brands the fair page it hurries o'er with a polluted tale.

On the day subsequent to that on which I dated my last, as I was endeavouring to court the presence of that stranger sleep, I was startled by the circumstance of a horse galloping past the cottage: the singularity of it awoke my attention. Deep buried in surrounding wilds, and owning no communication with frequented paths, the cottage stood. A moment after, I heard the trampling return; the horseman seemed to stop, and alight at the humble wicket entrance. The voice which demanded if the Chevalier *Albert* had taken refuge in the hut, was familiar to my recollection; but the chill predictions of a nameless evil, that lingered round my heart, made memory less tenacious. My suspence was soon ended by beholding *Pierre*, the fisherman, enter my mean apartment.

Panting, almost breathless with fatigue, he leaned against the broken wall for support, and answered tacitly my eager interrogatories, by waving his hand in token of inability to explain his errand suddenly. Impatiently I abstained from questioning him, untill he found himself capable of relating the occasion of his unlooked-for visit. Revived by a draught of wine, which my good host had seasonably supplied, he cautiously secured the door, and seating himself near, gazed stedfastly at me. Surprised at his strange action and look, I was about to speak, when he exclaimed, "No, no; you are not the assassin!" Perceiving indignation reddening o'er my countenance, he proceeded—"I beg your pardon, and your patience, for my rash words; but listen to my story, and you will know why I uttered them." Dumb with wonder at his exclamation, and terrified at coming consequences, I knew not how to name, I permitted Pierre te continue.

"When I left you, Sir, at the Monastery, I went back to my hovel, in order to give my help to the poor sailors who had 'scaped a wat'ry grave, and get the tackle from their boat. For that purpose, we took our lighted torches, and sallied forth. We had not gone far, before we saw a naked body lying on the beach, dreadfully mangled; and near it a knife, with the name of *Albert Waldstien* marked on it!" Never till that moment had it occurred to me, that in using my knife to assist myself in descending to the shore, I had unknowingly lost it. Pierre proceeded. "I knew this would raise suspicion against you, when the fishermen came to know you were at the Abbey; for it seems they hadn't been made acquainted with their passenger's names, and the monks had heard you call yourself Albert, when you parted from the lady in the Monastery; so I thought it best to let you know of it, that you might get out of the way; tho' I could have sworn you were innocent. But when I reached the Abbey, the first thing

I heard was, that the good old prior *Bertrand* had been found horridly gashed and dying! that footsteps marked with blood had been traced from the Prior's apartment to your cell, where your sabre was found stained with blood; that you had fled, and the marks were still seen from your cell across the garden to the wall; where all clue to your rout was lost!!!" I heard no more; horror, grief, and agony, a maddening union, shut out the sense of all; and I fell a seeming corse upon my couch. Hours had elapsed, 'ere I recovered, to bear the remainder of Pierre's recital. I learned that the presumptive evidence of my guilt had induced the brotherhood to publish a manifesto of the murder, and an immense reward for my apprehension; describing my person, &c. The mysterious strangers, (who were doubtless the assassins of both the man found on the shore, and the pious Abbot,) had removed every suspicion of their being principal, or accessary, in the barbarous deed from themselves; and had departed with the female, to whom I had given my heart on the same day. The worthy Pierre had been strenuous in his exertions to discover my abode; and after much labour at last succeeded; he had forfeited the employ and good will of the fraternity, by combating the popular prejudice. He proposed my immediate flight: at the first view, I rejected the idea; intending to return to the Abbey, and daringly avow my resolution to hazard the judicial inquest; but Pierre cited so many instances of bigoted persecution, linked with secret machinations, to crush their victim, unauthorized by legal process, together with the strong evidences, collusive and apparent, which would render all attempts to prove my innocence nugatory, that I consented to abandon all refutation of the horrible imputation, and shape my course towards Vienna; where rumour, perchance, has not yet breathed the curse. Pierre has solicited to share the fortunes of your wretched friend; by his hand you will receive this; his services

to me will be his certain passport to your favour. I entreat you not to alarm my noble father by the slightest allusion to my fate; his delicate notions of honour would hold it baseness to incur the suspicion of committing venial errors; how would he shrink, nay perhaps expire, to hear his name coupled with *murder*, tho' causelessly. I come to seek within a friend's embrace, some mitigation of this refinement on collective torment, that parches my hasty respiration, glows in my veins, tells me I exist, and must exist, to shun the eye of light and honesty. But my friend pities me, and grieves for the hapless

ALBERT.

LETTER XII.

KATHERINE TO MADAME ROSENHIEM.

Vienna.

Oh! my dear, unkind mother, why did you not compel me to remain with you, rather than urge my coming to this fatal, hateful city? You shall know how much pain I have received, for less than little happiness, since my last letter. To that bosom, where confidence finds affection, commiseration, and help, in the hour of affliction, the miserable Katherine would consign her cause of sorrow; there seek a couch on which her heart may slumber, until it rests for ever; and sure that day is not far distant. The sun of yesterday saw me smiling in heedless content; but to-day, oh! sad reverse! its beams encounter none so wretched. *Albert!* (we are sundered for ever, mother, and I may now write his name) Albert,—Oh! I could analyze the word, and hallow each letter with my prayers, my tears,—I have seen him, perhaps for the last time. Yesterday evening was the anniversary of the Countess of Glenfield's birth, and a splendid fête was projected. You are aware of my distaste to public

hilarity, and ostentatious acts of kindness, where the giver's only motive for bestowing is to have it blazoned forth by the benefited witnesses. You will not wonder, therefore, at my declining the Countess's invitation, under pretence of indisposition. She did not *appear* displeased at my refusal; yet her speech indicated her having taken offence. She replied, "I can only say, I regret the motive, be it what it may, that deprives me of the *honour* of your presence. Your own thoughts will, no doubt, compensate for the negative pleasure you might derive from my society," and hurried from the apartment. I felt half inclined to recall *her*, and my determination together; but I recollected, even when her expressions bade me to the festivity, her features and manner *forbade* me; her heart seemed loath to sanction the cold bidding, and her hasty departure confirmed me in the supposition, that I had decided to her wishes; yet I blamed myself for not assigning the true cause of that decision, *aversion*. Subterfuge and evasion, however slight, seldom create any consequences, save error and shame; involving (if they escape detection often) the mind in a continuation of systematic duplicity. The fearful effects will be seen in this sad narrative. I knew the Countess had no predilection for truth, and I conceived, by adopting a medium, I might soften the denial without a direct violation of sincerity. Soon after the Countess had left me, the Monk, Michael, her ladyship's confessor, entered; and here again I censured my nature for its caprice. This venerable man had been so kind, so attentive to me, such piety, humility, cheerfulness, and knowledge, blended, ought to have commanded almost adoration; yet my perverse heart beat quicker, and with a throbbing repugnance, when in his presence! He enquired if I intended to add my society to the festive hour. I determined not to outrage my regard for candour a second time; and answering in the negative, gave him my real reasons why I absented

myself. He seemed more than usually anxious respecting how I should pass the evening. I told him that solitude was the best suited to my wish; and requested him to quit me; this (after strongly recommending an evening walk) he complied with. I closed the door of my chamber, hoping to remain unmolested until morning; but a gentle knock, and the voice of Cohenberg, induced me to give admittance to him. It was the friend of Albert, and dear to Katherine: he seemed hurt, and surprised, when I mentioned my absence from the *fête*, and exclaimed, "He departs to-morrow early!—you wish not to see him perhaps." "Him! Whom do you mean?" I asked indifferently. "Has not the Countess informed you Albert Waldstien is here?" How did the intelligence affect me! my quick-throbbing heart, my crimsoned cheeks, communicated to Cohenberg a tacit confession of my secret. "Katherine," he continued, "'tis with reluctance I behold the fatal confirmation of my conjectures; 'tis with regret I acknowledge my suspicions vanish before sad reality; for to know you love, is to know you lost to happiness. Oh! reflect before your misplaced passion acquires too firm a possession of your yielding heart; you may yet be emancipated, yet disunite the growing union of love with lasting wretchedness: it is the voice of friendship, Katherine, that now conjures you (by every hope you have of happiness in life hereafter, by every fear of future years of misery) to picture to your anticipating soul the consequences of your indulging a hopeless predilection for one who, if he does not cherish a feeling of dislike, entertains a cold and frigid indifference towards *you*; and could the soul of Katherine endure the hesitating approach of compelled affection? Could her hand ardently press the passive fingers of insensibility? or gaze with pleasure upon the eye which ever, with averted glance, seeks an object more grateful to the estranged thoughts? If conduct so humiliating to her pride, so destructive to her peace, so pernicious to her very existence, be pre-

ferred to a struggle eventually victorious, to a life of tranquility, let her seek Albert, and be united!" Alas! 'twas not the voice, the words, the tone of friendship that I heard; my hapless love heard but the sounds of envy, in the censure of Albert—saw but the form of an officious intruder in the friend of Albert. With an asperity foreign to my nature, and in terms unacknowledged by my heart, I harshly intimated my wishes for his speedy absence. With a look expressive of commiseration, he hastily obeyed; and as he left the apartment, I distinguised the sentence "'Tis fortunate Katherine, Albert will depart to-morrow; and the shame of an unblushing acknowledgement of passion will be spared thee."

(To be continued.)

A ludicrous Theatrical Anecdote.

It is related, that, at the representation of an Opera in Paris, in which a battle was exhibited on the stage, they forgot to carry off one of the combatants who appeared to have been slain. The pretended dead man knew not how to get off the stage without affording mirth to the spectators; sometimes he raised his head softly, and made signs to those who were behind the scenes; sometimes he was contented to beckon them by quickly raising his arm; but had no sooner testified his desire to be thought of than he immediately fell to personating the dead man. At last, finding he was entirely forgotten, he determined to get out of the dilemma in the best manner possible: he glided towards the nearest side scene, but so slowly, and with such dexterous movements, that it could scarcely be perceived he was changing place. The Boxes and Pit were much amused at the means resorted to by the dead man to withdraw, and come to life again!

AMIABLE ERRORS;

OR,

HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND MISERABLE.

Continued from page 155.

LOVEMORE returned at their usual dinner hour; he perceived that Marian had been shedding tears; but he had lately been accustomed to her little splenetic fits, and took no other notice than by attempting to enliven her by some curious anecdotes which he had picked up among the neighbouring gentlemen. Marian smiled; but it was with an aching heart, and feeling herself unfitted for conversation, requested him to read to her after dinner. "You must order your tea early," said Lovemore, "for I have an engagement this evening." "Indeed!" ejaculated Marian, looking at him with earnestness; you must have formed some very *agreeable connexions* in this part of the country; you have already spent two evenings out this week." "I am sorry it happens so, my love, but I cannot return the politeness of my neighbours with rudeness; your present state is a sufficient excuse for my not receiving them at home just now; but when you get about again, we will welcome them here; and till then they will accept of no excuse." "Any society appears more agreeable to you than that you have at home." "You have frequently made that observation, Marian; and I have as often told you, you were wrong, both in conceiving and expressing such a sentiment; it is in your power to make home the most agreeable place upon earth to me; but a man may wish to step for a few hours even out of Paradise." He begun this speech with a serious, and rather angry tone, but perceiving by the changes of her countenance, that she was really unhappy, he thought it best to

treat the matter more lightly. At about half past seven o'clock, he looked at his watch. "I must be going," said he; "and as you do not seem very well, I would advise you to go to bed early, and not sit up for me." Marian would have spoken; but anguish and resentment almost choaked her, and she suffered him to depart without even her usual farewell. She felt internally convinced, that his principal appointment was with Kitty. To be still further convinced, she rung the bell, and enquired whether James had attended his master, and was informed that he had a severe tooth-ache, and was laying down.

Marian passed an evening by far the most unhappy she had ever experienced in her life; how to act she knew not; till, after several hours of painful uncertainty, she resolved to go on the morrow to the gate-house; and by dint of persuasion, or threats, if necessary, bring Kitty to a full confession. This plan was, however, frustrated; for a short time before her husband's return, she was taken extremely ill; and Lovemore arrived just at the auspicious moment when his first born son was ushered into the world. Lovemore, surprised and alarmed, even in the midst of his joy, severely condemned himself for being so thoughtless as to go out at such a critical time; and very naturally acquitted Marian of any unreasonable ill humour, which he now considered justified by the occasion. His attention and tenderness soothed Marian into forgetfulness of the past; and she secretly rejoiced, that she had never taken any notice of what she trusted was his first and only deviation from rectitude. Unluckily, however, these favourable thoughts continued only while Lovemore was incessantly by her side; for no sooner was she restored to perfect health, and he to his usual mode of living, than all her former apprehensions and doubts returned with augmented violence. Fond as he was of his child, a nursery was not a place where he could be expected to pass much of his time; and Marian frequently reproached him with asperity, because

inclination did not detain him as long there as the duties of a mother required her to remain.

The temper of Lovemore, though it could not be called bad, was nevertheless tinctured with a small portion of obstinacy; he had never been kept under controul, even by a mother; and he could be, when seriously provoked, extremely severe; still he bore with the caprices of his wife patiently, convinced that her errors were those of the head only, and that her conduct, however annoying to himself, originated in the excessive affection she bore him.

One day as they were sitting together, playing with, and caressing the child, Susan entered the apartment with a dirty looking note in her hand, which she gave to Lovemore; at the same time casting a significant glance at her mistress. "You seem to have got an elegant correspondent there," said Marian, as she caught a glimpse of the superscription. Lovemore laughed, and breaking the bit of wax which closed it, read the contents; and as he read, his features assumed an expression of concern and surprise which awakened the curiosity of Marian. "Who is it from, Lovemore?" "Old Simpson," he replied, thrusting it into his pocket, and rising at the same time. Marian was thunderstruck. "What can he want of you?" "That is what I am going to learn;" and he immediately hurried out of the room. "This is too bad!" exclaimed Marian, rising indignantly. "Take the child, Susan; I will follow him, let what will be the consequence." "Oh! pray Ma'am, for God's sake, do not think of such a thing; it is going to rain; indeed it is; pray be advised by me." "I will be advised by no one," cried Marian vehemently; then snatching up her shawl, she hastily threw it on, and, without any other covering on her head than a silk cap, rushed out in pursuit of her husband. He was already out of sight; but she continued her walk heedless of a drizzling rain which fell, and the very

thin shoes she had on; which were soon wet through. She arrived almost breathless at the gate-house; and entering without ceremony, beheld her husband holding the hand of the weeping Kitty, while in consoling accents he said—"Well, child! it cannot be helped now; compose yourself, and I will do all in my power for you; what I have promised, I will perform." Marian, overcome with fatigue, agitation, and horror, heard no more; but, with a groan of anguish, sunk senseless on the threshold. "My wife!" exclaimed Lovemore, springing forward to catch her as she fell. "Good heavens! what is the meaning of this?" Kitty eagerly hastened to afford all the means of assistance in her power; and as Mrs. Lovemore just opened her eyes, she perceived Kitty presenting a glass of water, "Vile creature!" said she "get out of my sight." Lovemore gazed on her with astonishment, while the terrified girl crept behind him, as if for protection. "Marian, my love, what has alarmed you thus?" asked Lovemore, tenderly taking her hand. "What brought you here?" "I came," said Marian haughtily, "to convince myself of what I have long suspected, your baseness and hypocrisy." Lovemore started. "Are you in your senses, Marian?" "I scarcely know," she replied, bursting into tears. "Come, come, you must go home immediately," said he, in a hurried tone; "your hands burn, you are ill, Marian, very ill: Good God! you are unable to walk, what shall I do?" "A post-chaise has just passed through," said Kitty; "it is only going as far as the lodge, and will be back in a few minutes." She had scarcely spoken, when the vehicle drove up, and Lovemore immediately placed his wife in it, and conveyed her home. Mrs. Lovemore was in such a state, that no sort of explanation could take place, and, on their arrival, Lovemore found it necessary to send for medical assistance; for some time she continued so extremely ill, that her life was in danger; and when she did recover, it was by

very slow degrees. Lovemore had, during her illness, questioned Susan so closely concerning her mistress's reason for following him to the gate-house, that he had drawn from her sufficient to satisfy himself; but it was a point of extreme nicety for him to decide what line of conduct would be most proper for him to adopt. Should he express the resentment and indignation he felt, it would, he feared, fatally increase her indisposition; and to pass it over without notice would be equally injurious to his happiness and character; at length, he determined to argue the matter fairly with her, and endeavour, if possible, to cure her for ever of a weakness which served only to render her and himself miserable. He accordingly took the first opportunity, when she appeared calm, and disposed to converse, to demand an explanation of her extraordinary behaviour at the gate-house. Marian, glad to relieve her mind from the weight which oppressed it, yet fearful hitherto of beginning a subject so hateful, now fully disclosed the origin and progress of her suspicions. Lovemore heard her without interruption; but, as she proceeded, the gloom of deep displeasure settled on his brow. "And so, Marian," said he, "you would prove the strength of your affection for me by letting me know, that the credulity of an ignorant servant girl, aided by a few accidental coincidences, could induce you to believe me capable of a low and disgraceful amour; perhaps you are little aware of the consequences that might have resulted from your folly; perhaps, indeed, a *separation* may be wished for by you?" "A separation!" repeated the dismayed wife; "surely, Lovemore, you have not the inhumanity to meditate such a thing. No, Charles, injured as I may be, and wretched as I must feel, to part from you would be worse than death." "Mrs. Lovemore, it is I who am the injured person," replied he sternly. "Oh! Charles," cried Marian, grasping his hand, "can you then vindicate yourself?" "Under

other circumstances," said Lovemore, "I will candidly acknowledge, the pride of wounded feelings would have prevented me from doing so; but as you have already so severely suffered by your own folly and imprudence, I will spare you a trial which would otherwise have awaited you; know then, that my servant, James, was the seducer of Kitty; and the villain would have deserted her, because he thought it more to his interest to marry Susan; and it was to entreat my interference, that old Simpson sent for me, and I have promised both him and the girl that, if money will induce the fellow to do her justice, I will give her a portion; otherwise he must quit my service with the disgrace he merits." "And can I depend on this?" asked Marian, with eagerness. "Marian," returned Lovemore seriously, "hear what I have further to say, and decide as you please. Since the day of our marriage, I have never failed to evince towards you the tenderness of an affectionate husband; and I feel conscious that you have had no just cause for the childish caprice which has at times influenced your conduct, and caused me real uneasiness; yet I bore with it patiently, and though I lamented the errors into which too warm an imagination frequently led you, I did not love you the less; but now that to an irritable temper I find you have added a mean and suspicious disposition, you must not wonder that you have entirely forfeited my esteem. Further vindication of myself I deem unnecessary; it now depends entirely on your future behaviour towards me, whether you reclaim my regard and good opinion, or become indeed, what you imagined you were, a neglected wife."

Marian, awed by the solemnity of his tone, and convinced by the look of candour and integrity which beamed in his countenance, threw herself into his arms, and hiding her face on his shoulder, cried, "Forgive me, Lovemore, I have been unjust and ungenerous. Oh! do not say that I have forfeited your esteem for ever;

I see all the folly of my conduct, and be assured that what you have now uttered will never be forgotten by me." "I trust it will not," said Lovemore; "and in that hope, let mutual confidence be restored." He then embraced her, and added, "We must now, Marian, prepare to quit this pleasant residence; you have exposed yourself, and subjected me, to the slanderous insinuations of people who will not fail to attribute my interference in this affair to improper motives; for even the marriage of James with the girl will not convince every one, that your jealousy was without foundation; you will be considered a duped wife, and I a libertine husband." "Good God! what a fool I have been!" exclaimed Marian, "I have done enough to make you hate and despise me." "Be assured, my dear Marian," replied Lovemore, "that whether, with or without cause, a wife lets the world see that she doubts her husband's fidelity, she prepares for herself nothing but unhappiness and humiliation. And now let us do all in our power to repair the mischief you have imprudently created, as the surest means of restoring our own domestic harmony. You must discharge, Susan; and I will give James sufficient to establish him in a decent shop, on condition that he marries Kitty; we will then return to London, and you shall have no confidant but your husband, no rival in his affections but your boy." Marian smiled. "What! not even Caroline?" said she, "may I not confess my folly to her, and seek support in my prudent resolutions from her discreet advice? you used to call her my Mentor." "I have the highest opinion of her principles and good sense," replied Lovemore; "and am not so selfish as to wish you to shut your heart against the claims of friendship;—but I dislike indiscriminate familiarity and general confidence; write to Caroline, and tell her she is a friend I wish you to have always near to you."

Marian gladly availed herself of this permission; and

wrote her friend a faithful account of what had passed; to which she soon received the following answer.

"You call me a prophetess. Ah! my dear Marian, it required but little foresight to anticipate what has happened; instead of lamenting your folly, I rejoice that it has not been attended with worse consequences. As a single woman, I cannot presume to give advice for the regulation of your conduct; but, from the observation I have had opportunity of making, I firmly believe, that in many instances excessive love is likely to be more productive of matrimonial disquiet than indifference: you will start at this assertion; but remember how often you have yourself made the observation, that women who cared nothing for their husbands were frequently the best treated; the reason is obvious, excessive love often assumes the appearance of troublesome importunity, and wearying solicitude; its demands are too great, and take from a man that freedom of action which constitutes both his pleasure and his pride; if you would secure your husband's respect and esteem, I would advise you, and all married women, using the words of Genalvon, that you

"Give them all honour; seem not to command,
"Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power."

"In fact, Marian, I believe them to be strange, selfish, self-willed creatures, and very difficult to please, take the very best of them. Above all, I would recommend you to rely on your own power of pleasing, without servilely copying any other female, however amiable, or accomplished. You are what your husband chose you; and though men may inadvertently express their admiration of another; it is not to be, therefore, inferred that they are dissatisfied with their own bargain; in fact, you will generally find that they would not chuse the admired object, even were it within their reach. This is all I shall say to you at present; we shall soon meet; and,

I trust, together laugh at the awkward predicament you placed yourself in through your outrageous love of your husband; to whom, make my best respects.

Your's, most affectionately,

CAROLINE DANVERS."

In the course of a few weeks, Miss Danvers returned to London; and, on visiting her friend, was happy to find that the recent lesson had not been an unprofitable one. The *amiable errors* of Caroline had received a timely check, 'ere they became *unamiable* ones; while by a prudent regulation of her feelings, she secured the respect and esteem of Lovemore, and experienced the truth of her friend's observation, that an immoderate display of affection is not the surest means of making a husband happy; but may, if attended with jealous fears, and peevish reproaches, most effectually serve to render him miserable.

E. T.

Anecdote of a Spanish Ambassdor.

The members of the Royal Society in London, desirous of making some Torricellian experiments on the Peak of Teneriffe, applied to the Spanish Ambassador for letters of recommendation to those islands. The Ambassador received the deputation from the society with great politeness; and taking them for merchants, who wished to purchase some Canary wines, he asked them for what quantity they meant to engage. The deputies informed Ambassador that their voyage was not to be undertaken for the sake of traffic, but in order to measure the air in that climate. "Are you going to measure the air?" replied the Spaniard; and very abruptly dismissed them, convinced in his own mind that they were madmen. He hastened to White Hall, and told every one he met of this extraordinary visit; but hearing that the King and the Duke of York were at the head of these madmen, he very prudently for the future kept silence on this subject.

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 146.

CHAP. IX.

The Letter and its Consequences.

It is true that Harriet, so far from endeavouring to forget Petersham, gloried in her passion; it is also true, that Petersham, occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, had found some other object to interest him; that sometimes he would think of her when alone, but the presence of company drove her from his recollection; he had, however, one morning taken up the last new poem, with the heroine of which he fell desperately in love, when he was interrupted by his servant bringing in a letter, which he found couched in the following terms:

My dear friend,

I take up my pen to write to you, because I promised you I would; but it was very wrong of you to make me write first. I am very angry with myself for consenting, but, for the sake of enquiring after my dear Lady Carruthers, I have complied. Oh! my Petersham, I know not what ails me. I almost wish, I had never seen you;—don't be angry, but—indeed I am very miserable;—I hope you are not so—I suppose you have been very merry since I saw you.—My dear friend said, you knew a great many ladies;—and that you were a very wild man.—Who has got the handkerchief I gave you? I suppose by this you have quite forgotten poor Harriet. My mama asked me a great deal about you; but says you are very handsome; and I begin to

be very jealous of you already. I did not think it would be proper for you to come and see me at school; so you had better not. I saw you go by yesterday in your tandum, and a lady with you; I'm sure it was you. Was it not? I shall be at Merton Chapel to-morrow; but do not come, for fear the teacher should see you. Indeed, my dear Petersham, I think of nothing but you; and the friendly hours we passed when with my friend Lady Carruthers. I can't bear any body else but her and you; I can say no more; because I hear the bell ringing for the young ladies to rise. I have risen earlier, that I might write this scrawl. Pray write to me soon, and believe me to be,

Dear Petersham,

Your's, truly,

H. S.

P. S. You see I have done as you kindly told me, only signed my initials. Excuse all faults; and pray write soon.

Petersham conned over the contents of this love-sick child's letter with feelings far from enviable. It was evident she had betrayed a great partiality for him; and the weak attempts she had made to disguise her feelings sometimes gave him a great idea of her delicacy. Any other girl, who had written such an epistle to any other person, he would have stigmatized as a little foolish, forward minx; but Harriet's conduct to him appeared in a far different light. Poor little soul! he exclaimed, I have made thee miserable; yes, I have made thee wretched; perhaps for ever. He pitied her from his soul; and sincerely regretted that they had ever met; he wished to give her up; yet feared to part with his plaything. In fact, Petersham was so used to what he defined being in love, that as a person accustomed to regular habits, finds *ennui* without the indulgence of them, so he felt, who, having generally two or three ladies of whom he was an ardent admirer

could no more exist without these auxiliaries than he could without his bottle of wine after dinner. At the time he first became acquainted with Harriet, his list was open for one lady; she stept forward, and filled up the vacancy; and although a very different subject from those who had been used to listen to his flatteries, yet she answered this purpose well enough, till at length he found, to his great surprise, that it was difficult to forsake her. How different to him did appear the coquetry of adolescence, and the artless conduct of this charming girl, of easy credulity, who indeed doated on him to distraction. Her love for him had risen superior to her prudence; for she had avowed it, and appeared blind to the consequences. Did she not then demand honourable conduct? she, whose innocent heart, and unfortunate education, were only in fault? she was yet to learn, that to deal with mankind it was necessary to oppose them with their own weapons; that it was not only sufficient to act right, but also to avoid even the construction of evil: she knew not as yet that a thousand malicious tongues, totally uninterested in her welfare, were waiting to proclaim the least deviation from rectitude, and were ready to censure her, even before any act deserving it had taken place. The better part of Petersham's character now prevailed; and he painted his marriage to Harriet as the source of a thousand scenes of felicity. Oh! fortune, he cried, why hast thou not shed thy influence over me? Now through thee I might be happy in a union with her I love; but thou, fickle goddess, hast denied me the chance of reforming, if I would. Through thy favour, in a domestic circle, with this little girl, who has never lavished a single thought but on me, how then should I laugh at those who bask in the meretricious smiles of a wanton, who, because she is shielded by a coronet, hides her depravity, and laughs at the pity of the poor and virtuous ———. Ha! ha! ha! well done, my fine fellow;

fustian, downright fustian, cried little Ensign Fyfe, who had overheard Petersham's rhapsody, which he had uttered louder as he became warmed with his subject, to his no small discomfiture: he became at first not a little confused at this unexpected interruption; but, thanks to his education, he soon recovered it, and pretending it was a part he was studying for the Private Play at Wooburn, which apology the wise head of Fyfe immediately took, he seized the little Ensign by the arm, and they were soon on the *pavé* in Bond Street.

When Petersham had dispatched his business, which he had at the Horse Guards, and was walking towards his lodgings, his head occupied with the charms of the last female he had bowed to, in pulling out his handkerchief with a sudden jerk, he drew with it poor Harriet's letter; which, as if to reproach him for his want of attention to the writer, alighted half open on the pavement before him; thus reminded of what he had quite forgotten, he repaired to his apartment, and returned the following epistle, and he gave himself credit for his fortitude in not talking of love, when, in fact, it was the result of indifference.

My dear Harriet, Bury Street.

However flattering your letter may be dictated, and gratifying to my vanity, from the regard which so charming a girl as yourself professes to have for me, yet I am compelled to assure you, it caused me to feel an uncommon degree of painful emotion. Oh! my dear friend, summon all your fortitude, and bear with me, when I again tell you, we can never be united. Why did you not spare me this painful answer. That I have the same regard for you that I ever had, you may, if it will afford you any pleasure, rest assured. Oh! Harriet, how much have I to blame myself for on your account. I ought at first to have checked the love I bore for you; instead of which, I have wantonly inspired

you with the same passion. I feel all the impropriety of my conduct, and hasten to redress it. The dreadful truth then has escaped me, and what I am about to add is dictated by the most imperious necessity. Could I, think you, bear the idea of the wife of Capt. Petersham, made by me the victim of an unfortunate connexion, pining in obscurity and neglect; while I, from the necessity of my situation, should be obliged to flaunt in all the fopperies of fashion. Forbid it nature, and forbid it love. Adieu! thou dearest and best of girls, whom, had fortune been propitious, I would have prided in taking to this faithful bosom. Adieu! and select one more worthy of your choice. You have frequently informed me of your unprotected situation; how much you needed a friend; were I certain this appellation would content you, it should be yours. Demand then my arm and my assistance; more I cannot offer you. Dispose yourself to the cruelty of your situation; and add not by your regrets to the misery of the once unthinking, yet now penitent,

CHARLES PETERSHAM.

To be continued.

PENNANCE.

A man of Milan, either from ignorance or by way of bantering the priest, carried a large volume to his confessor; and laying it on the table, said it contained all his sins. The priest, appalled at the sight of so large a catalogue, told the penitent he would absolve him of all the contents. "But what pennance do you enjoin me?" said the sinner. "You must read this volume through seven times a day," replied the confessor. The man returned home humbled, and abashed, and sincerely repenting his absurd impertinence.

The Victim of Despair.

(Continued from page 162.*)*

All my enquiries were vain; winter came; and a deep snow covered the earth. One day I perceived the unknown, following a lady, and soliciting relief. He receives money, returns, and meets me: he trembled, and cast down his eyes: his clothes were the same, except being more tattered: he had the look of poverty itself. "Pardon me, excuse me," said he, stammering, and attempting to leave me. I detained him. I will not be angry with you, said I; tell me why you deposited the box with which I entrusted you for liquor. "Deposited! for liquor!" Yes; it is all discovered. The keeper of the ale-house has brought back the box.—"Ah! God be praised! I am not then so unfortunate as I thought; I shall no longer be compelled to wander nightly like an outcast."—Relate to me ———.—"Pardon me, sir; my wife and children are perishing with cold; I have money; and am going to carry them wood; after, I am at your service." Do not deceive me again? I leave you, and expect you at my residence.

He departs, as usual, in great haste, for fear of being followed. He soon returns; his countenance is more composed. "My children," says he, "are near a good fire; they have bread, and I have time to justify myself." "You see a most miserable being; but I can assert, that I have never merited my distress. Six years ago, I kept a silk manufactory: my fortune was daily increasing: I employed more than a hundred workmen; I had extensive credit; but was obliged to give as much credit to my customers. Almost all my business was transacted with known merchants: I was contented

with a moderate profit; and hazarded but little. Would to God, I had never departed from this conduct. Two foreign Jews call; ask to see my stuffs, and assure me that I sell too cheap; they promise to give me more per piece, and pay in cash, if I will supply them with a sufficient quantity of goods. I agree to their proposal; they take a great part of my stock in trade; and pay me in ready money. Their orders were so large, that I was obliged to add twenty frames to my manufactory. Afterwards the Jews did not come themselves, but wrote, and induced me to give orders for stuffs to three times the amount of my capital, which were to be sent to Triest. I was writing the shipping account, when the Jews came; and, in consequence of the enormous purchases they had made at other houses, begged me to allow them four months' credit; I defer my answer till next day; I inquire, and find they are every where spoken of as very exact men. I deliver them the goods; and they leave me Bills of Exchange upon their house; the term of credit expires; and their bills are dishonoured; I enquire; and every one makes the same complaint. We were not long in discovering, that, from our town alone, they had taken away merchandise of immense value, and that they had disappeared without leaving a single trace to discover their retreat. I was under the necessity of discontinuing my payments, and of making an avowal of my bankruptcy through misfortune: I give a statement of my effects; sell the utensils of my manufactory; deliver up every thing to my creditors; and retire to a sorry lodging-house. I sink into a state of despondency, which enervates, and brings on illness; and, when recovering my health, I hear my children ask for bread; their mother had nothing more to offer them. I rise, and wait upon a man of fortune, to whom I had been of service. He dismisses me as an importunate beggar. So much inhumanity overwhelmed me; I was overpowered with grief and rage; and fell, lifeless, upon the threshold of this barbarian's door. I was

carried in this state to my wife. Why did I ever recover? Soon after, I was subject to epileptic fits; I confess to you what I have carefully concealed from all the world; I know the horror inspired by unfortunate persons attacked with this frightful malady. This is the reason I cannot procure suitable employment; this is the reason, that, in the first commission you gave me, my son accompanied me; in the second, you know he could not come with me. I felt well; but, in the midst of the journey, I was attacked with a terrible epileptic fit. I did not recover in less than an hour, and then I missed the box. Some one passing probably picked it up, and left it for liquor at the ale-house. Oh! if this man had known that every drop which he drank cost me a tear, he would have pitied me!" But why did you not instantly come to relate this event to me?—" Shall I dare tell you. Because I could not believe you were sufficiently free from prejudice to give credit to the recital of a poor man. I shunned you carefully; I went out only at night; but at last was reduced, by the most extreme want, to become a public beggar; the intervals of health were employed in obtaining food for my wife and children."

I was deeply affected at the recital of the unfortunate man; I gave him all I could spare; I clothed him in warmer garments to preserve him from the rigour of winter; and his features were filled with the most lively expression of gratitude.

As he was leaving me, I asked him—where he lodged. " Alas! I have always dreaded that question, because my answer would lose me a benefactor. No; I cannot tell you my abode."—Do you want confidence in me? " Let a word suffice; my wife has exacted an oath from me never to bring any person home, nor even to make known the place of our retreat."

I let him depart, with a promise of returning to see me from time to time. My first care was to relate the history of the unfortunate man to my friend, who con-

tinued to laugh at me, since the adventure of the box. He was much affected; and, being richer than myself, gave me considerable and sufficient aid for our honest unknown. Early in the spring, I returned to the exercise of walking; I meet the unknown, who salutes me with a most afflicted countenance. I give him money, and go away, to avoid his thanks. An old woman follows me, and solicits relief. I give her a small sum. "Ah! sir," said she, with a deep sigh, "I confess, that I should have expected more."—Good woman, I am not rich. I give what I am able.—"Does this drunkard then deserve more than I do?"—What drunkard?—"Him that you have just seen, and who is now gone to an ale-house." Fy! slander is a great sin.—"I know it, sir; and, at my age, I would not be guilty of it; but is it not painful to see such rogues live at the expence of those who are really poor? Lower down, amongst these trees, is an ale-house, where this man spends whatever he collects: he often leaves the house so drunk that he cannot support himself. Enquire into the truth, and if you find my assertion false, I will submit to punishment."—Impossible! but where does he live?—"I know not, sir; but if you come this way to-morrow, I shall be able to inform you."

I return home; I recollect in reality having seen the unknown sometimes stagger in the streets; but thought it might be one of the effects of the terrible complaint to which he was subject. I resolved with my own eyes to be persuaded of the fact; and I resort in haste to the ale-house pointed out. The sun was setting; I heard at a distance the noise and songs of Bacchanalians;—some were seated in a hall, with the window open; others were in a little garden, inclosed with trees and bushes entwined. I look, and enquire for the unfortunate man, whom I am delighted at not seeing in such a place. I was returning, I hear his voice;—I listen, and espy him in a little arbour. On one side of him was seated a fat man, whose appearance indicated great intoxication. I had only to

listen an instant to convince myself that they were drinking together, and would not quit the place till completely inebriated. Soon I see the unknown, with a glass in his hand, staggering towards the house. I retire precipitately, with the sad persuasion, that my sensibility had been made the sport of the most audacious knavery. Notwithstanding, my compassion for his wife and children still increasing, I went next day, to meet the old woman, and learn their abode. She was not at the appointed place. I walked towards the ale-house, and very distinctly saw the unknown drinking, as the preceding evening, with his infamous companion. I continue my walk, and feel myself suddenly pulled by the skirt of my coat: it was the little Fritz, who had recollected me, and came to wish me good evening. I remarked that, in spite of his smiles, tears started into his eyes. Where are you running, my little friend? "I am looking for my father: he has been out all day; he promised us bread; and, as we are very hungry, my mother bid me search him every where."—Where do you expect to find him?—"Perhaps——there—sir,——I know not why too——"—Well, my pretty fellow, go strait to the ale-house; you will certainly find him there.—"Oh! my God! perhaps I may!"

The boy runs to the ale-house, while I place myself behind the bushes. He enters. "Father! are you there?" and he looked at him sorrowfully. "Yes, my eldest son, I am here ready, from the height of my throne, to shower down upon thee favours and riches." The child drew near, and whispered in his ear. "Drive this merry fellow away," says the father; "he comes to disturb the pleasures of my reign." He arose, as if to beat him; the child runs away, and, weeping, returns to the road. I accost him—Hast thou found thy father?—"Ah! good sir, we are all going to bed fasting. My father will drink, while he has money in his pocket; he'll return home tipsy; and if one of us whisper, he'll be unmercifully

beaten. If I myself could go in search of money and bread, I would do it instantly; but my father always says, that begging is the most painful labour to a man, and I am too weak for hard work."—How many brothers and sisters hast thou?—"A sister and three brothers." Did not one of thy brothers die last year? "No; they are all living, although suffering much."—Is not thy father often ill.—"No."—Has he not the falling sickness? "What complaint is that? My father has always excellent health, but my mother says, that strong drink will destroy his lungs."—Where dost thou live?

The little Fritz immediately informed me. I resolved to follow him; but indignation and pity were struggling in my breast. The child leads me into a little obscure street. At the bottom of a dilapidated, half-fallen down house, we descend some stone steps, and my little conductor opens the door of a kind of cellar, or dungeon. Four children, covered with rags, jump from a bench, on which they were extended, and ask their brother if he has bread for them. Fritz answers not, but glances a mournful look at me. I remained standing at the door. I hear something move in the straw; a pale and emaciated figure, which appears like that of a woman, rises with effort; and says in a sepulchral voice, "Unfortunate man, if thou bringst not bread, to-morrow thou wilt bury thy children."—I shuddered, but opened not my lips. Fritz went to her, and explained her mistake. "Great God! a stranger! What does he want?" She attempted to get up, but fell again upon the straw.—"Madam," said I, "do not believe that I come here to gratify my curiosity; but to relieve your distress"———Tears stifled my voice; I rush out precipitately; and beckon the little boy to follow me; I take him to the first baker's; I load him with all the bread he can carry; and a servant accompanies him with a cheese and a pitcher of beer. The fear of disturbing the little treat of the unfortunate family alone prevented me from going to assist. All

night I was reflecting upon the best way of interesting my friends in the welfare of my *protégées*. Early in the morning some one knocks at my door. What is my astonishment at beholding the unknown himself? My anger rekindles. Whom do you look for? What do you want? I asked him roughly. His look was confident, although his emotion was visible. "I come to return you thanks," said he; "you were yesterday the saviour, the father of my poor children; but, above all, I come to ease my conscience of a great burden. I have unworthily deceived you; I have abused your commiseration; I am deeply sensible of my faults; but my best feelings are, that I do not merit your contempt; and that I still have claims to your compassion. Let a single prayer be granted me: if, perchance, you should again see me in a state of inebriety, do not curse me; let me enjoy a happiness which I severely rue; which leads to despair; and which will soon precipitate me into its dreadful abyss."

He bows, and leaves me, before I can answer a word: he returns almost immediately after.—"I forgot the principal object of my visit," said he; "my wife is adjusting her clothes in the best possible manner to enable her, at least, to cross the streets in the shade of evening, and pay her respects to you; she wishes to repose in you her entire confidence. Till then, suspend your judgement." At the close of evening, the unfortunate woman arrives, holding her little Fritz by the hand. I will not attempt to describe the cruel traces of misery which were spread over her figure, and over her whole person. She staggered; I hastened to conduct her to a seat. "For two long years," said she, with a feeble, and singularly sweet voice, "this is the first time of going forth from my hideous retreat:—you shall judge for me, and tell me, whether there is still any way left to save us from destruction."

(To be continued.)

EDWARD AND PAULINA.

In the year 1795, I travelled into a province of Germany that crosses the Rhine. Chance directed me to an inn, filled with French emigrants, of Condé's corps.

At a numerous table, near an aged soldier, I observed a young female, whose extraordinary beauty struck me with astonishment; her dress and manners were simple and unaffected; her countenance had the mark of profound sorrow; her eyes were fearfully and anxiously cast around; and she uttered not a word.

A young man, with a most prepossessing appearance, sat alone at a small table; he appeared lost in his reflections, and did not partake of the food presented to him.

I asked his permission to dine at the same table. He answered me civilly; his accent discovered him to be an Englishman. I immediately addressed him in his own language; and we entered into conversation. The young man, pleased at finding a person to whom he could make himself understood, became animated, and by degrees unreserved.

He was incessantly looking at the handsome female; and when their eyes met, his emotion was visible. I ventured to ask, if he knew this young lady. His only answer was a deep sigh, and sudden blush.

Nevertheless, being strongly urged to unfold himself, and encouraged by the concern I evinced, the young Englishman thought me worthy of his confidence, and entered upon his narrative:—

"Edward ——— is my name. My mother died at my birth. I was only eighteen years of age when I lost my father, who had himself been my instructor: he bequeathed me an immense fortune; and, without any friend to advise, or controul me, I was exposed to all the temptations of such a city as London; which I had the happiness to resist.

" To dissipate the influence of melancholy, occasioned by the loss I had sustained, I resolved to make the tour of Europe; and departed with William, one of my father's old and faithful servants.

" I commenced my travels in France; and wished to terminate them in a second visit to this delightful country. I was in Sicily; embarked in a vessel at Messina; and arrived at Marseilles.

" A rich banker of this city, to whom I had letters, invited me to his superb country mansion, a few leagues distant. I proceeded with my horse, followed by my faithful servant. It was in the middle of spring; and I enjoyed voluptuously the riches that nature every where displayed around.

" The beauty of a park we were passing, enriched and enlivened by the last rays of the setting sun, attracted my notice; the iron gate was open; and being fatigued with heat, I could not resist the desire of traversing this delightful spot. I gave my horse to William, and strayed into the adjoining alleys and groves. I meet with a grotto; I advance to the entrance, and behold—(how shall I express my surprise!)—an angelic creature! laid upon a bank of moss, shaded with flowers! who did not appear to have attained her sixteenth year. My sight had never been dazzled with a form so beautiful, so graceful, or so fascinating. Intoxicated, and transported with extacy, I remained immoveable, and contemplated her perfections. A little spaniel, laid at her feet, discovers me, barks, and awakes his mistress.

" How great is her astonishment and affright at seeing a man, a stranger! Confusion checked her utterance; she wished to fly, but had not power to move. I felt for her situation; entreated her to banish every fear, and pardon my intrusion. My respectful demeanour soon quieted her alarm. I confessed, that, had her dog not betrayed me, I should have been absorbed in the contemplaion of her charms, and enchained to the spot on which I stood.

"A lovely blush and tender look convinced me that this ingenuous compliment was not displeasing. In rising, she accepted my proffered services; no sooner had I touched her hand, than a rapid fire ran through my veins, and inflamed my heart. I trembled; and scarcely could sustain myself: she observed my emotion, and, in her ingenuous innocence, pitied that which she mistook for sudden indisposition.

"I conducted her towards the castle, or rather she conducted me; for we were both confused. I dreaded the moment that was to sever us, perhaps for ever: this horrible idea restored me to self-possession. I entreat a few minutes' attention, and energetically describe the ardency of the passion with which I am inspired. My language, my looks, and my embarrassment,—the tender and impressive tone in which I pressed her to unfold her sentiments,—triumphed over her timidity; and she promised to give me an interview the next day, at the same hour, in the beloved grotto.

"I mounted my horse, and visited the banker, who was at a loss to account for my abstraction. All night my thoughts were occupied with the unforeseen *rencontre* which had, in a moment, decided my destiny. "I love, and am beloved," said I; "I am Lord ———; I am rich; who will oppose my happiness?"

"The day lingered with a tardiness that my impatience could ill brook; at length, evening approached; I flew to the place which was to assure me, whether all that had passed the preceding day was not a dream.—I discovered the park and alleys; I drew near the grotto; I trembled—— a *coup d'œil* reanimated my hope; she whom I adored was present, shining in all her charms; and her soft smile, and lovely blush, sufficiently declared the pleasure she felt in seeing me again.

"When our first transports had subsided, I begged to know her name and rank. I learnt that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman, who died in battle. An orphan

in early life, she was placed under the protection of a distant relation. By chance, she met the Marchioness of C***, who was so much delighted with her extreme beauty, and amiable qualities, that she adopted her, and took her home. Paulina informed me, that the Marchioness would remain only a few days in Provence, and that she would return to Versailles, to attend at Court.

"I gave her the particulars of my rank and fortune; but nothing appeared to interest her, save the solemn vow I made never to marry any other woman. We concerted the means of seeing each other every evening, and the most profound secrecy veiled our happiness.

"The day of the Marchioness's departure arrived; and Paulina took an affectionate leave of me; our grief was, nevertheless, softened by the certainty of soon meeting each other again at Versailles. It was agreed that I should take a house suited to my rank, and that I should be presented to the Marchioness, who was known to have a partiality for foreigners of rank.

"I resort to Versailles. The English Ambassador introduces me to society; he is well known to the Marchioness, who gives me the most flattering reception. My visit had lasted a full hour, and the charming Paulina did not appear. Cards were proposed, I began to despair of seeing her for whom alone I had been introduced, when I suddenly perceived her behind the arm-chair of the Marchioness: my mind was confused; I paid no attention to my game; I lost two hundred guineas; and received every mark of attention from the ladies.

"I staid to supper, but could find no opportunity of uttering a single word to my dear Paulina. I was retiring, much affected at the restraint I had undergone, when I saw a billet at my feet; a signal taught me it was from her I loved. I flew home to read the contents; which were—Dear Edward,

"You wish to be united to me for ever; and are the only object of my regard. We have great difli-

culties to overcome; and my inexperience and timidity would leave me little to hope, without the kind aid of a compassionate man.

" An old valet-de-chambre of the Marchioness, named Ricaud, formerly attached to my family, has always testified the most lively regard for me, and had my entire confidence. I have not scrupled to acquaint him with our sentiments; and these are the measures we have concerted——You are every day to send one of your valets, disguised, to Ricaud. When he has any thing to communicate, he will appoint the hour you are to be at the Orangerie; and when the Marchioness is absent, and there is a possibility of procuring an interview, confide in his care and prudence.

" Fortune, and the good Ricaud, assisted our wishes; few days passed that I did not see the idol of my heart. In the study of my favourite, her amiability and perfections every moment increased my attachment. I could no longer exist without her; and, impatient to put an end to the state of anxiety and constraint, in which we languished, I expressed my determination to solicit the Marchioness to favour my designs.

" Ricaud earnestly dissuaded me from this measure. ' Rather fear,' said he, ' lest the Marchioness should penetrate your sentiments for her young *protegée*.' I entreated him to explain himself; but he constantly declined it. ' My Lord,' added he, ' believe an old servant; I dare not inform her of your attachment; if you wish to secure the possession of her whom you love, do not hesitate to employ the only method left, which is to carry her off, and to carry her off promptly.'

" We immediately agreed upon all the measures necessary to ensure success; and that, in less than eight days, we should take the road to England. The faithful Ricaud omitted nothing that zeal and prudence could suggest; and, at length, the day and hour arrived which was, for ever, to unite me to Paulina.

" At midnight, my carriage was ready; every minute, I was in expectation of Ricaud and my well-beloved.—The clock strikes One;—they come not!—Two, and no person appears!—All night is passed in this dreadful state of suspense. Twenty times I send to Ricaud; but the doors of the Marchioness's mansion are shut; and all communication with him is broken off; while I am racked with the most cruel torments.

" At nine o'clock, I received a note, that Ricaud would soon wait upon me. He came; his appearance was pale, and inauspicious.—I felt my blood freeze. I begged him to relieve me from my present anguish. You are a man, said he; collect yourself, and hear me.

" Yesternight, shortly after you had left the house, the Machioness entered her carriage with Miss Paulina, and drove to the Princess de ***'s; which has never before occurred. When they returned, it was near One o'clock. I saw that Paulina had been in tears, and that she was violently agitated. I had no opportunity to hazard a question; and confined myself to the observation of what was passing. A waiting-woman appeared at the door of her mistress's *boudoir*, and gave an order to a valet.

" He returned in a little time with M. A. surgeon to Madame the Marchioness; who was immediately introduced.—I was excessively uneasy, and continued to ramble about the adjoining room.—Methought I heard groaning; and I shuddered. At hearing the door about to be opened, I quickly ran to wait for the surgeon; and, under pretence of lighting him, held my flambeau to his face. I saw, with affright, spots of blood upon his cravat and clothes. When I noticed it, he turned pale, and answered me, that the Marchioness had just been bled for a desperate complaint, and hastily fled.

" The remainder of the night, Madam was shut up with Miss Paulina, and two women, her most intimate confidants. At break of day, one of them gave orders for post-horses, and to get every thing ready for the departure of the Marchioness.

"At five o'clock she entered a carriage: Miss Paulina was supported by two attendants, who seated themselves on each side of her; her weakness was extreme; and her face dreadfully pale. I enquired the cause; one of the women answered me with indifference, that she had an hemorrhage. In reality, I saw the blood still streaming from her mouth. I should have tried to obtain further evidence; but the carriage fled, and all disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE POLES ARE THE MOST LUMINOUS PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

It is a paradoxical, but an incontrovertible position, that the north, which in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, is described by the terms signifying obscurity, is yet the most luminous part of the globe. The Cimmerians, according to the opinion of the ancients, lived in darkness; which notion arose from their vicinity to the north pole. Yet, notwithstanding these prejudices, the arctic and antarctic poles enjoy light for a longer space of time than any other parts of the world. In the torrid zone, and particularly under the line, night immediately follows the setting of the sun, without any visible twilight; and the inhabitants of those regions have exactly six months of day-light, and no more. The twilight begins and augments in proportion to the distance of the places from the equator, and their approximation to the pole. We find this circumstance accounted for by the science of optics; which teaches us, that the rays of light falling obliquely on a diaphanous medium, are refracted more or less, according to the angle of incidence being more or less acute. The rays of the sun falling on the line in a perpendicular direction, suffer no refraction. At the poles, the rays of light are very much broken, and thereby a long twilight is produced, or the quantity of light increased. I put this position to an experiment when I was in Sweden; where I wrote without a candle two hours after the sun had set.—*P. D. Huet.*

MELANGES LITTERAIRES.

No. II.

BON MOTS OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

Christina, at Inspruch, abjured publicly the Lutheran persuasion. After dinner, on that day, a Comedy was acted for the entertainment of the Queen. "Gentlemen," says the Queen (to those who attended her *conversion*, and who were persons of rank, and commissioned to divert her Highness), "it is very fair in you to amuse me this afternoon with a Comedy, as I diverted you with a Farce in the morning."

Christina being at Rome, the Pope appointed some Cardinals to attend the Queen to see the statues and pictures, &c. The Queen was very much and very justly delighted with a fine marble statue of Truth, executed by Bernini. A facetious Cardinal observing her admiration of the statue, exclaimed, "I thank God that your Highness, so unlike most crowned heads, is so fond of truth."—"You'll recollect, my Lord Cardinal," rejoined the Queen, "that all truths are not made of marble."

Christina, Queen of Sweden, was daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, whom she succeeded in the government of the kingdom in 1626, and resigned it to her cousin Charles Gustavus, in 1654. Her reign was marked by great prudence and justice. After her resignation, she adopted the profession of the church of Rome, and died there, aged 54. Her learning and talents were considerable; and if we may believe the histories of her life, her gallantry was at least as notorious as her love of letters.

Socrates having received some very rich presents from Alcibiades (his pupil), a friend observed to him, "How happy he must be who had received such desirable presents."—"He is much happier," replied the sage, "who does not desire them;" and immediately ordered the presents to be returned.

A PARALLEL STORY TO THAT OF THE CONTINENCE OF SCIPIO.

The following story will prove that the Romans have not engrossed all the virtues. The Marquis of Brezé, Admiral of France, son of the General and Duke of the same name, was waited upon by a lady of a neighbouring province, attended by her daughter, attired in all the charms that youth and eminent beauty could bestow. The Marquis was about twenty-three years of age. The mother laid her case before him, which was, that a long law-suit had exhausted her property, and the resources which her friends had supplied her with; that she was a woman of good family, and nearly reduced to beggary. The Marquis assisted her with his purse, and ordered his carriage to carry her every day to the court. The law-suit succeeded to her wishes. On waiting on the Marquis to thank him, she declared herself incapable of returning so much kindness; and said, that she expected that her daughter, who was present, could alone make the proper acknowledgement to his Lordship. The Marquis took the young lady aside, observing, that it was unsafe for her any longer to trust to her mother's protection, and recommended her to seek an asylum in a neighbouring convent. On the entrance of this young person into the convent, the Marquis, in her name, placed a large sum of money with the Prioress, from which an annual income was to arise for the support of the young lady; strictly ordering that his name should not be mentioned in the transaction.

WOMEN.

It is in vain that we make sometimes strong resolutions to avoid an intimate connection with the fair sex. It is to no purpose that we make ourselves acquainted with their faults; we never can raise in ourselves a perfect dislike to the sex. We have in our hearts a love of women, implanted by Nature herself, that renders void every resolution we might have formed to hate them. Pygmalion, who had conceived so strong an aversion to women, that he had determined always to live single, continually amused himself with making beautiful statues of women; and entertained his fancy with designing those charms which nature has endowed them with. His heart betrayed itself by his employment, without his being conscious of it; and it appears as if Nature pleased herself with putting him to confusion and distress, by obliging him to seek in his art for that enjoyment, of which he in vain thought he might endeavour to deprive himself*.

* Ovidii Metamorph. lib. x. lin. 243.

SANTEUL, THE FRENCH POET.

When in a large company, it was hinted to Santeul, that they all expected much pleasant conversation from him, but any thing on poetry was interdicted; Santeul then addressed himself to each individual, and drew the character of each person.——"You, Colonel, I hope, will not talk of war, and your celebrated exploits. You, Marquis, I must beg to be silent on the subject of love, and your many conquests among the fair sex. You, Sir, will be so good as not to talk of play, and of your ill luck at the tables. I prohibit you, noble Sir, from talking of your genealogy and numerous ancestors. Mr. Lawyer, let us hear of no pleadings, in which you have been of late so successful. You, Doctor, I must limit to your wonderful cures, but not a word of those whom you have slain. Now, gentlemen, we are all upon the same footing."

SYSTEM.

"What is a system?" says a young lady to a man of letters. "It is," replied the scholar, "a faggot of ideas well arranged and neatly bound together." I find in A. Gellius this passage, that Democritus, a famous philosopher of Abdera, on meeting with Protagoras, who carried at that time a bundle of faggots on his shoulders, desired him to lay it down on the ground, that he might examine how so unwieldy a bundle could be compactly formed. On inspection, he much admired the art and nicety with which Protagoras, whose trade it was to sell faggots, had contrived the parcel. Inferring from this contrivance that Protagoras must be a man of logical acuteness, he undertook to teach him philosophy. A. Gellius adds, that Protagoras was ingenious, but sophistical, in his orations; and that he boasted that he could make—

"the worse appear the better cause."

See A. Gellius, book v. chap. 3.

EPITAPH ON A DUMB LOVER.

On the death of a person who was dumb, of an elegant shape, and supposed the particular favourite of a lady who had many lovers, one of them, who had been a long time suspicious of the connection, wrote the following epitaph on the tomb of the deceased:

Ici repose en ce tombeau
Un Amant, qui fut assez beau.
Iris en est forte affligée,
Et mérite d'être estimée,
D'avoir un si juste regret;
Car de tous ceux qui l'ont aimée,
C'étoit l'Amant le plus secret.

This is a lover's early tomb,
Who died while yet in beauty's bloom.
Iris for him drops many a tear;
Her grief, I'm sure, must be sincere;
For none, of all her am'rous train,
Was half so secret as this swain.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

Men have certainly brought women to a good understanding, at least on the point of gallantry, though the articles of agreement are unfavourable to the fair, who complain in these verses:

" Perdre le temps en resistance,
C'est perdre plus que l'on ne pense;
Une belle autrefois choisissoit ses amans,
Mais il faut aujourd'hui menager les momens;
L'amour n'est plus qu'un badinage,
On veut aimer sans esclavage.
Il nous sert de rien d'avoir bien combattu,
Puisqu'on n'a plus d'amans avec trop de vertu.

THE WOMEN'S COMPLAINT.

IMITATED.

If now a timid nymph is coy,
And dares repel the proffer'd joy,
What ills the modest nymph await,
Strange mysteries in the book of fate!
Ah! once indeed the nymph might chuse,
Now all the danger's to refuse:
No more the kind obsequious swain
Now deigns to wear his mistress' chain;
Alas! love only boasts the power,
To wile away an idle hour.
From all resistance now debarr'd,
Doom'd this sad secret to discover,
The nymph must lose ('tis surely hard)
Either her virtue, or her lover.

SKINNER.

The Etymological Dictionary* of this learned Englishman is very useful to the right understanding of scarce words and phrases which occur in the French language; and necessary to the reading of history written in that tongue, even in regard to the scholars of that country.

* Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ, 1671, folio.

A BON MOT.

Though we object to stories that bear any marks of a loose meaning, yet we cannot suppress the following facetious one, as it shews that men of the greatest gravity can unbend with their wives in private. Mons. A***, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours of the morning regularly in his study, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner-hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love," said the lady, "that I was a book." "Why so?" replied the professor. "Because you would then be constant to me."—"I should have no objection," rejoined the professor, "provided you were an almanack?" "Why an almanack, my dear?" "Because I should then have a new one every year."

CONVERTIBLE BON MOTS.

A preacher who attended the sermon of another priest, was asked his opinion of the discourse. "I see," replied the critic, "that clear waters are not deep." The perspicuous orator some time after became an auditor of his learned brother's oration. "I see," said the former preacher, "that deep waters are not clear."

CARDS.

I have seen in the possession of M. de Ganieres a pack of cards of the original fashion: there were a pope, emperor, and four kings, who warred against each other, distinguished by different colours. Their size was between seven and eight inches. This invention took place in Italy about the fourteenth century. I have seen in a little book of Father Menestrier, the Jesuit, a quotation from an Exchequer account of moneys paid for cards, to divert King Charles VI. who was then a madman. This was in 1391. Charles the VIth. of France, in 1368, lost his senses by a stroke of the sun; but at intervals during his whole life (54 years) was capable of amusement.

L'Avocat's Dict.

FEMALE LITERATURE.

EXTRACT from TRECOTHICK BOWER; or, The Lady of the West Country; a Tale; in 3 vols. by Regina Maria Roche, Author of The Children of the Abbey, &c.

"The fineness of the season, in which all is luxuriant and beautiful, was calculated to render an excursion to the North delightful.

"The stupendous scenery which here met the view, in the rude falls of those northern regions, and the traces of antiquity every where discernible, alternately exalted the imagination, and afforded entertainment to the mind.

"At Ambleside, at Kendal, and at Kirby Lonsdale, they paused. If sensations of awe were excited in the mind of Emmeline by the view of the stupendous waterfall of the first, scarcely less was her imagination raised by the magnificent prospect of the distant mountains that here met the eye—a prospect sweetly contrasted by the tranquil appearance of the deep valley beneath, through which the Lone holds its beautiful course.

"From hence they proceeded to Pendragon Castle, where they were most hospitably entertained by the Lord Clifford and his Lady, its noble owners; and, for the few days they remained at it, were amused by examining the ancient intrenchments lying contiguous, in the dell in which it was situated, and enquiring into the truth of the tradition respecting the prince from whom it took its name, and according to which he is supposed to have died by poison put into a well, early in the sixth century.

"They next paused at Brough. The varied scenery that was here contemplated, occasioned emotions of the liveliest admiration. On one side a range of craggy mountains, over whose rugged surface trees and shrubs were scattered, prevented the eye from ranging; while on the other, a smiling plain extending, gave it free scope to wander, till again arrested by the majestic promontory of Wildbore Fell, elevating its peaked brow to the clouds, that tinged it with a cerulean hue.

"The rich groves of sicamore through which they passed on leaving this—the verdure of the meadows—the contrast between fields of yellow corn and the swelling pastures, brown with the summer heat, and tufted with brushwood—the running brooks sparkling in the dancing beams, with blue tints of smoke, from scattered hamlets here and there, slowly arising above the coppices, gave an enchanting variety to the scene.

"A little further on, they could not help stopping to admire the grandeur of the prospect that presented itself to their view. Stretching westward from the extensive plain over which they were travelling, lay a chain of mighty mountains, fading on the sight in the distant perspective, and seemingly mixing in azure hue with the sky. Nearer, the hills, half girt with brushwood, descended in swift slopes to the vale in pasturage, the rich verdure of which was beautifully contrasted by their brows of naked rock and barren cliffs; while Cross Fell, with its savage front, was seen loftily overtopping all; and here and there, in picturesque variety, deep shadowy dells opened amidst the stupendous heights.

"The delight inspired by the beauties of Appleby, to which they next approached, was heightened by the suddenness with which they burst upon the view; an air of cheerfulness prevailed over all here, that failed not of communicating a corresponding feeling. The Eden, sparkling in the sun's rays, through the thronging branches of the trees that ornament the little vale through which it flows, and which meadows, rude cliffs, and hanging rocks, still farther and more romantically diversified, could not be viewed without a sensation of the kind.

"The eye knew not on which to rest, this fairy scene, or the castle, with its noble aspect, and spreading woods, with here and there a red cliff breaking through the foliage—the public road winding high above it, enlivened by scattered cottages—beneath, the river sweetly murmuring—and to the left, lofty cliffs and precipices rising per-

pendicularly from the water, solemnly shadowed by oaks and ashes hanging from their brow.

"The way they pursued, for a considerable distance from this, afforded them new pleasure, so varied were the beauties of the banks of the Eden, along which their road extended, now richly wooded, now spreading into level meads.

"They could not pass Kirby Thore without stopping to examine the remains of ancient grandeur then extant there, but which gave them but an imperfect idea of the temple in which the greatest of the divinities of the Pagan Saxons was worshipped, where, in a spacious hall, majestically resting on a covered bed, a kingly sceptre in his hand, and on his head a crown of gold, set round with burnished stars, he seemed to them the god of thunder.

"Brougham Castle, seated on the banks of the river Emont, afforded them another delightful halt. The vast extent of the building, the noble turrets that formed the angles, the groups of cattle dispersed over the grassy plane of pasture ground, along which the outworks extended to a considerable distance, the river, margined with shrubs, and the mountains that skirted the horizon, seen through the ash-trees that tufted the ground, presented a landscape at once interesting and beautiful to the view.

"Penrith was the next place that received them, from whence the peaks of Dufton, together with a prospect of Cross Fell, and a chain of mountains sinking in the extreme distance in the plain on which the city of Carlisle stands, and of a ridge of Scotch mountains forming the utmost boundary of the view, were beheld.

"They neglected not to visit the curious grottoes on the banks of the Emont here, dug out of the solid rock, and sufficiently capacious to contain a hundred men; and which, in former times, according to the traditions of the vulgar, were inhabited by a giant named Isis, who unmercifully devoured every thing living that came in his way.

"Neither did they omit viewing the two pyramidical

stones in the church-yard, some yards asunder, and with several segments of circular stones between them, representing, according to the fancy of the country people, wild boars, and forming a monument of the valour of a renowned knight-errant, named Sir Evan Cæserius, buried in the spot, and who, in his day, made terrible havock of these animals in Inglewood Forest.

"At length, after visiting several other places of note, they reached their destination at Keswick. Seated on a bold precipitous eminence on the banks of the lake, the ancient fortress, that knew lord Sebergham for its master, commanded an uninterrupted view of the adjoining scenery, where beauty and sublimity are so wonderfully blended—where the imagination is at once astonished and delighted, the mind awed, yet elevated, by the horrible magnificence, yet romantic grandeur, that alternately meet the view.

"Immediately before it the lake spread its chequered bosom, hemmed in with its rude chaotic assemblage of perpendicular mountains and steep wood-covered hills, here rising immediately out of the lake, there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion, as if heaped on one another from some terrible convulsion of nature; here again shelving and bending over it, as if menacing to bury their cloud-capped heads within its waves, forming a circus of the most astonishing and stupendous description.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1814.

Morning Dress.—A puce, or purpled coloured, velvet open Pelisse, made with Andalusian sleeves, let in with white; white satin braiding down the front of the bosom; the neck and sleeves of lace *à la Vandyke*. Hat of white satin, or velvet, and white feather.

Evening Dress—of white satin, white gloves, and shoes.

LONDON FASHIONS for APRIL.

Published by I.W.H. Payne. April 1.1864.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNETS.

DAY after day with mournful tidings fraught,
And solemn lesson, rouses up the soul
From all the halcyon dreams of blissful thought
That long had fool'd her with their sweet controul.
For none so good, so amiable, or fair,
But angry storm may rudely overthrow;
Nor wit, nor genius, privilege from care,
Nor aught that wealth, or grandeur, can bestow:
Then come, ye hardier virtues, to my breast
That clothe the spirit for contending strife!
And nerve my bosom to the struggling test,
Whate'er the fated sorrows of my life;
Unkind neglect, or sickness, should they be,
Or disappointed hope, or cheerless poverty.

YE hollow winds! that with majestic roar
Thro' the dark clouds in dread commotion sweep—
Save that on many a wild and distant shore
Ye rock the sailor to his last long sleep,
And fancy echoes the despairing cry,
The horrid death-shriek, and the noise of fear—
Your very thunders, as they hurtle by
With deaf'ning sound, were music to mine ear!
I *love* your stormy concert; for ye well
Befit the moody temper of my soul;
And as your sullen murmurs hoarsely swell,
Unscar'd, unstartled at their dismal howl,
Pleas'd could I listen thro' the troubled night
With inexpressive awe, and sweet, yet strange delight.

OSCAR.

IRREGULAR INVOCATORY LINES
TO FANCY.

Come, Fancy, heaven-descended maid!
And guide my lonely way,
As far in yon sequester'd glade,
In pensive mood I stray,
To taste the charms of evening's solemn hour,
While glist'ning on each lucid flow'r,
The trembling dew-drops shine;
Reflecting soft the parting beam,
That throws its wide refulgent gleam,
Round yonder dusky line.

There, far from Folly's fickle throng,
I'll deck thy moss-built shrine;
Or weave the tributary song,
If thou inspire the line.
Till sweetly rising o'er the soften'd scene
The pale moon sheds her light serene,
And sinks the sighing breeze;
And silence stealing thro' the breast,
Each wayward passion soothes to rest,
And gives the soul to peace.

Then, sweet enthusiast! ardent maid!
Come in each glowing charm array'd,
And let thy radiant form,
Soft swelling on the silver ray,
That streams from Hesper's placid day,
Chase every threat'ning storm;
And widely o'er the scene around,
Majestic wave thy purple wand,
Gilding mountain, grove, and lawn,
In tints resplendent as the dawn;

And then serenely on my listening ear,
Chaunt such wild melodies as may unsphere
My captivated soul;
While oft adown my cheek the mystic tear
Its blissful tide shall roll.
Let Memory too, with thoughtful eye,
Sad in thy train be seen,
Pointing to many a fleeting joy,
And bliss that once hath been.
When Hope on every passing hour
Lavish'd the sweets of thy fair bow'r,
And frisk'd on every spray;
Ere Disappointment's haggard form
Scowl'd o'er the way,
Or sorrow's bleak and bitter storm,
Obscur'd the morning ray.
Ah! sweet as the music of the summer eve,
When fades the western beam,
Soft as the ray that o'er the moonlight wave,
Sheds its long silvery gleam,
So soft, so sweet, the scenes of tender youth,
When "thought was speech, and speech was truth,"
Pictur'd by Memory rise;
Dispensing thro' the heart forlorn,
Long since by chilling falsehood torn,
A beam from brighter skies;
A charm so thrilling, and so dear,
That faded sorrow smiles, and sheds a sweeter tear.

And sometimes, wanderer! let me climb
With thee the wild cliff's paths sublime,
Whence far below is heard the roar
Of Ocean tumbling to the shore;
Where on her everlasting throne
Sits frowning Solitude;
There in some cavern rude,
While Midnight wraps the world in sleep,
And Orion in his stormy car
Directs the elemental war,

We'll sit in melancholy trance,
Watching the lightenings that with livid glance
Illume the dreary chambers of the deep;
Or list the wild winds hollow moans,
As thro' the bending forest loud they sweep.
Oh! then in visions sad and wild
Visit my thrilling, raptur'd soul;
Like those which erst to him thy darling child,
Beside yon hallow'd stream* thou didst unroll.
Let me in wild romantic dream,
Hang shudd'ring o'er the dizzy steep,
Pondering the horrors of the deep;
And hear the shipwreck'd sailor's dying scream,
That distant far, borne on the heaving gale,
Sighs in the startl'd ear a mournful tale.
While swinging heavy on the air shall come
The sullen echo of the midnight bell,
That far remote in some monastic dome,
Wakes in his solitary cell
The sainted man his beads to tell;
While slow the sacred anthems rise,
Mix'd with the pealing organ's solemn swell,
Breathing a requiem to the skies,
For the departed soul.

Or lead me, Fancy! on the winding shore,
Where the slumb'ring salt waves weep,
When the angry surges have ceas'd to roar,
And dash on the craggy steep.
When soft upon the calm pellucid wave
The peaceful beams of midnight Cynthia shine,
And light the Nereïdes in their coral cave,
As they sit and twine
In golden wreathes their amber locks,
To adorn ere morning hour,
Amphitrite's chrystal bow'r;
Or careless stretch'd on diamond rocks,
Tune the silver shell,
Till the clear notes swell,

* Shakspeare.

And vibrate through all the watery deep;
And old Ocean rings,
As the sparkling strings,
In playful harmony they sweep.

And thus, sweet tyrant of the willing soul!
Thine ardent votary would I ever prove,
Nor from the Elysium of thy blest control,
E'er know the power, far less the wish to rove;
For thou can'st gild life's wild'ring way
With many a brightly-beaming ray,
And many a flow'ret of vivid hue;
Canst bid the soul triumphant rise
On thy broad pinions to her native skies,
And ope the gates of Heaven to her astonish'd view;
Where blazing hosts of seraphim
Th' Eternal throne surround,
And choirs of glitt'ring cherubim
Make Heav'ns high roof resound
With strains of hallow'd fire;
While thro' the vast profound
In one unbroken sound
Bursts the full flood of harmony,
Till the rapt spirit would fain expire
Amid the holy symphony.

And mayst thou, "Queen of Numbers!" ever guide
My wild untutor'd Muse,
And o'er her artless strains preside,
And each bright grace diffuse;
And when I strike the quiv'ring lyre
With doubtful trembling hand,
O then with sweet Aöman fire
The feeble, conscious sounds inspire,
'Till perhaps the swelling chords shall rise
Strong as the rays from yonder skies
Beam o'er the smiling land.

ZILIA.

THE CATHEDRAL; A POEM;

BY H. FINN.

Continued from page 176.

THE veriest coward, meanly flying life,
To dare uncall'd the question of his God!
Can pluck that treasure from its falling hold
With sudden certainty; and forfeit all
His after claim to aught of man's regard.
But mortal potency ne'er caus'd the shaft,
Wing'd from the pallid quiver of disease,
Protract its aim, when pois'd by destiny;
Or saw the aspic arrow hurtless fall.
Regret has blanch'd the mother's wasted cheek,
And the red pencilling of health is gone:
Her form, that symmetry had moulded, fine
As the Medicean standard of each
Form's perfection, glides slow thro' solitude,
A living phantom; like rejected love,
Nursing the hope it knows must cease to be.
The genial spring of life had scarcely taught
Her tender boy to blossom in the sun,
Ere the Autumnal blast, remorseless sweeping
O'er creation's tract, and withering all,
From the rich rose, cull'd to adorn and thrive
In fortune's gay parterre, to peasant spires,
That spring the common herbage of the world,
Seal'd its young lids from Summer's coming light;
And yellow turn'd the beauteous bud ere green;
Numb'd the new germ, ere it could count its years,
And struck the frolic infant from his stem.
Like the adhesive tendril, clinging round
Its fostering parent vine, the infant twin'd,
And nestled to its mother's fainting heart;
Then, with the blue beseeching eye of pain,
It seem'd to speak, "I've tasted life and love,
And fain would linger thro' their little day,

To quaff their mingled sweets, or bitterest dregs."
The word had pass'd, admitting no recall,
And it descended to its kindred earth!
How enviable is thy early doom,
That 'scap'd the sad maturity of crime
Which man endures, while all his hours are sins.
The sinking scale of ever growing vice
Weighs painful opposition to the balance
That ascends with virtue, when stern justice
Extorts from age its sum of active evil;
Yet dew-ey'd Mercy, with her bleeding cross,
Balms the wide wound the righteous word hath given.
Farewell! companion of pure cherubim,
Thy simple hour (allotment to thy race),
Narrow'd to moments most minute,
Shall (when the fatal, final volume of
Annihilated worlds will open on
The blotted page of guilt) thy name unfold,
And show angelic purity of soul.

(To be continued.)

TO A YOUNG LADY

Who sat in one of the Royal Boxes at Covent Garden Theatre during the Representation of Richard the Third, on Monday, the 14th of March.

I watch'd thee long, and long admir'd
Thy more than mortal grace;
And long my lifted gaze untir'd
Commented on thy face.

I thought thee fair as Beauty's queen,
And wonder'd, with a smile,
If thou couldst weep at tragic scene,
Or look unmov'd the while.

I saw the pearly tremblers start,
And, chacing all my fears,
I did thee homage in my heart,
And lov'd thee——FOR THY TEARS!

ROMEO

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely obliged to Mr. H. FINN, and shall endeavour to profit by his observations. We court freedom of remark from gentlemen so well qualified; there is no other way of ascertaining opinion, and knowing how to adapt the work to the general taste of our Readers. We perfectly agree with Mr. H. F. "that Morality, when clothed in the form of interesting Narrative, makes a more permanent impression than in the plain garb of Aphorism;" and earnestly recommend our Correspondents to turn their attention to this important fact.

With sincere regret we state, that the present Number contains the last of the beautiful and plaintive Poems of AGNES. We cannot take leave of our fair and most valued Correspondent without quoting the eulogy and elegant tribute of approbation to her Writings by a Literary Friend.

"*I more than participate* in the general regret which your readers must necessarily feel on losing a Correspondence that has so brightly ornamented the pages of the Ladies' Museum. To me her writings have given exquisite pleasure. There was a grace, an elegance in her poetry, united with such mournful tenderness of ideas, and such melody and beauty of versification, as could not fail to produce on every generous and feeling mind, the sweetest of impressions. Her sentiments breathe such purity, and seem the emanations of so dignified and virtuous a soul, that I have long been taught to consider her as one of those exalted and superior Beings whom the imagination may paint, but the eye can seldom discern. Such characters are not fit for a world like this; they are too good for it; and, alas! are too rare to be properly estimated even when they appear. There are feelings and virtues the world cannot understand, that combine too much of heaven in their natures to meet congeniality, or to be comprehended on earth."

We thank W. E. jun. for his communication; but, when disposed to *glean*, we prefer *gleaning* for ourselves.

ORA'S Simple Tale is received, and will meet with attention.

Mr. C.'s last Gossiper is too incorrect for publication.

Mr. J. M. B.'s Sonnets, and Mr. J. M. L.'s Stanzas, shall appear in our next.

It would afford us pleasure to comply with the wishes of Mr. L. H. of Newport:—if he will oblige us with Materials for the Life of the late excellent Character of whom he writes, and the Loan of her Portrait for a short time, or with any reference that may enable us to procure them, they shall be inserted, and the Portrait carefully returned uninjured.

Books intended for review are requested to be sent on or before the 25th day of each month.

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SEP
48

I. Vanderbank. pinx.t

H.R. Cook. feulp.t

Mrs Anastatia Robinson.

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